







## The Poet's Corner.

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

BY MARTHA NEVILLE.

I went to the circle, the other day,  
In a town not many miles away.  
I'm sure the women were good and kind—  
They worked for the poor with a willing mind;  
For many a garment was finished quite  
Before we had time to think of it.  
But the talk flowed on in another strain,  
And brought a fewish glow of pain.  
To one who set apart from the crowd,  
Though the whispers were rather many no  
longer;

The song you would not care to hear,  
And I can stop here to tell it here;  
But it clouded the evening to one sad heart,  
When the home came for the circle to part.

It was idle gossip, as bitter and cold  
As ever a tongue's tongue told,  
Or one who was earning her bread  
(And rough was that path);—but still she said,

"Oh, how I wish my friends would say,

She was fond of dress, and her spirits were gay;

But a thoughtless act, or a thoughtless word,

Was all that the tongue of slander stired.

Their eyes were bright, the lights in the room,  
When the last one had gone in the winter  
gloom;

They had counted the garments with pleasure  
Before the darkness, they laid them aside;  
But I wondered if those who were clothed and fed  
Knew the griefs that were soon with each strong  
gray head.

In the heart of another, once smiling and gay,  
Who long will remember that dark winter day.

## Ladies' Department.

## MY NEIGHBOR.

Some wise man—I forget who—has called a boarding house, a little world, made up like the greatest world, of odds and ends; where you may find a genius at your right hand, and a fool at your left; or your next neighbor, in the case I am recalling, was not a fool, but a Frenchman; and my right—well, my right hand neighbor was something more interesting than myself, though he might be it—a woman.

I am an engineer by profession, and had been sent to L——, to superintend the laying of a new line of railroads to-day, remaking a young man opposite. "Those tiresome little animals kept her out of existence."

My most wonder as to whether the lady connected with a manegerie was answered by Mr. Delhey, the Frenchman at my left.

"Mr. Delhey," he exclaimed, "I am sorry that a little such a petticoat has made you so restless not before this restricted me to one scholar—life long, entailed."

Mr. Ayer's boarding house, and I well know I looked with a stranger's curiosity down the long table at the double row of faces, to see what had been sent to us.

"One day, on my right, was my right."

"Then, 'twas him that likes to 'em in the same fix as himself, eh, Webster?" slyly said the young man who had spoken about "little animals."

The remark evidently contained a meaning unaccuse to Mr. Webster. His black eyebrows came closer together, and his ready smile gave an impudent jerk, as he said, "I am not over anxious for smiles from nobody who knows—"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I call you to order!—you mean father down there, who had pushed aside his soup plate, and was busily mixing a dish of soap."

"Off the subject, 'you old prover,'" said the young man, who had spoken about "little animals."

"That's because he likes to 'em in the same fix as himself, eh, Webster?" slyly said the young man who had spoken about "little animals."

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